

THE AFRICAN REPOSITORY

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The American Colonization Society.

COLONIZATION BUILDING, 450 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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I give and bequeath to THE AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY the sum of _____ dollars.

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So numerous have the applications become, that THE AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY will hereafter give the preference, all other things being equal, to those who will pay a part of the cost of their passage and settlement in Liberia. Persons wishing to remove to that Republic should make application, giving their name, age and circumstances, addressed to William Coppinger, Secretary and Treasurer, Colonization Rooms, Washington, D. C.

THE AFRICAN REPOSITORY,

Published quarterly by THE AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY, is intended to record the Society's proceedings, and all movements for the civilization and evangelization of Africa. It is sent, without charge when requested, to the officers of the Society and of its Auxiliaries, to life members and to annual contributors of ten dollars and upwards to the funds of the Society. To subscribers it is supplied at One Dollar per annum, payable in advance. Orders or remittances for it should be sent to WILLIAM COPPINGER, Secretary and Treasurer, Colonization Rooms, Washington, D. C.



T H E

AFRICAN REPOSITORY.

VOL. LXII. WASHINGTON, D. C., OCTOBER, 1885. No. 4.

For The African Repository.

MY FIRST VISIT TO LIBERIA.

BY DR. JAMES HALL.

The interest manifested in a brief sketch by the writer of the founding of the colony at Cape Palmas, contained in the October number of the REPOSITORY, of 1884, induces him to infer that something like a photograph of his first impressions of Liberia in its early days, as a colony of the AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY, may not be less interesting to its early friends now on the world's stage, and perhaps, to those of two generations later, who may be engaged in or alive to the cause of the COLONIZATION SOCIETY, or to the welfare of the *now*, REPUBLIC OF LIBERIA.

In the execution of this task, a labor of love, I make bold to use the first person singular, the ever present *ego*, as most convenient, and even to preface it by a few pages of personal history, a limited segment of autobiography, provided there were a beginning or an end. For this, I offer as an apology ; first, that my connection with the Society and Liberia was rather of a remarkable character, and might be considered, either for good or for bad, as providential ; the object being the recovery of my health ; and what is still more remarkable, it was in a degree, successful ; so far, at least, as to enable me, through much disability and suffering, to stagger along through more than a decade beyond the scriptural allotted age of man. Secondly, my apology for a personal preface, I place in the fact, that so far as my individuality is to be reckoned, it has been, in warp and woof, blended with the cause of Africa and the Africans, in and through the COLONIZATION SOCIETY ; thirty years of active service and a half century of life-interest.

The autumn of 1831 found me a patient in a Baltimore hospital, laboring under a severe and painful affection of the knee joint and

general debility of the system, induced by arduous professional labor two years previous, by which I was forced to abandon my profession and my New England home.

The loss of my wife and leaving two orphan children at a tender age, if not aggravating my complaints, deprived me, for a time at least, of that vigorous mental energy so essential an adjuvant in restoring health or in endurance of suffering. I had spent two seasons in the West Indies, the first in Cuba, the second in Hayti, with some temporary benefit, especially in the voyaging, to my general health, but in no way relieving the agony of the limb affected.

On arriving in Baltimore early in the summer of 1831, I put myself under the care of what I deemed the best professional aid available; a council of three distinguished professors in the Medical Department of the University of Maryland. It was decided that I had better take a room and bed in the Infirmary of that Institution, and go under treatment, which I did. I took the bed and kept it for months and went *under* treatment; which consisted of what was then termed the antiphlogistic regimen, when no phlogiston remained in the system or power of generating it. In addition, after the manner of inflictions of which the Psalmist complains, they "plowed deep furrows on my back," with sundry *aggravations*. At the end of five months, little health or vigor of body or mind remained, barely enough to enable me to rebel, and abandon further *medical aid*. It may well be asked, and I have often asked myself, why did I continue to endure torture so long? I answer, respect for the leaders in my profession, hoping against hope, and the failure of relief from all previous treatment for two years. As in all hopeless cases, or so viewed by others, I still had a hope that if I could take a long sea voyage, the absolute rest for my limb, and yet, with the movements of the vessel and free air, I might recover. To that end I opened communications with friends for securing a passage to the East Indies or China. While awaiting a response, the first providence, if it be so considered, comes in. The papers contained an address by Dr. Eli Ayres, one of the many Agents in founding Liberia, to the colored people of Baltimore, containing a notice of a vessel about to sail for that colony. I lost no time in making application for a passage, little hope as I then had of benefiting any but myself. It was granted, and orders given to Dr. Ayres to call upon me and make arrangements therefor; which he soon did, accompanied by that early friend of Liberia, Moses Sheppard. Little was said to or before me as to my condition, but their look of astonishment at my presumption was not over encouraging. It was clear that I did not see myself as others saw me; but I had determined upon the voyage and that

with the approval of my medical attendants; willing no doubt, that the Atlantic or African fever should finish up their work. Had I then known what one of the gentlemen afterwards communicated to me, I fear I should have committed a breach of *one* commandment at least. Said one: "He is not fit to be moved; and will not reach the vessel;" a second "thought he would, but not the Coast;" a third voted him food for the African fever.

Although determined upon the voyage, bent on a *resurgam*, I yet had my doubts as to the result, and whilst lying on my back, made, what I thought most likely, permanent arrangements for my children and effects left behind.

The time was well into the Autumn, and the weather occasionally cold, so I availed myself of a warm, pleasant day before the sailing of the vessel, to get to Fell's Point, where she lay, two miles distant. A friend kindly attended to help me off. It was only when I attempted to get up, and saw myself in the glass, that the utter helplessness, even hopelessness of my condition came upon me. I fell back upon my bed, half inclined to give up and end the long struggle here where I had suffered. But rallying, I was gotten into my clothes, "a world too wide for my shrunk carcass," and put into a common hack, well pillowed up, and headed for the Point. On the way, we were stopped by some fire machinery across the street, and a crowd gathered to see the "living skeleton;" I was, with no little delay and difficulty, relieved by taking another street. Near the stopping place at the Point, outside of a ship chandlery store, was suspended a scale beam, and my friend urged me to be weighed. I brought down 91 pounds, with all my heavy clothing, boots, over-shoes, and overcoat—somewhere near 75 or 80 pounds net weight.

I was deposited at the door of the "Pilot's Tavern," then kept by a Mr. Watson, father of the Captain Watson who fell at Monterey. The lady of the house, Mrs. Watson, at once took me in charge, and ministered unto me in striking contrast with the automatic service of the hooded sister of charity, for five months my "dumb-waiter." The contrast was so great, so affecting to my much enfeebled state of mind, that but for the hope of benefit from the voyage, I should have decided upon hibernating in that Fell's Point pilot tavernhouse.

But the "Orion" was ready for sea, and after a week of a partial return to life, I was gotten on board. The captain, Llufric, I had before met in Port au Prince, but of the schooner "Orion," I knew nothing, but that she was reported, "a first-class Baltimore clipper." Clipper she might have been, in fact was, as to her cabin, which was clipped of all space. I was literally "cabined, cribbed, confined," in addition to cripplehood, and in seaman phrase, "fouled" to boot. To

render the matter still worse for my reflections, alongside lay a beautiful new topsail schooner, also bound for Africa on a trading voyage of several months, to return in early summer. Oh! how I wished I could have secured a passage in her; six or eight months at sea was what I most desired; but I was booked for Liberia, and events, like Macbeth's dagger, "marshalled me the way that I was going." Before sailing, I missed another estimate of my probable destiny, which afterward came to my knowledge. An old shipmate of the Captain's exclaimed with a hail, "your passenger wont live to reach the capes!" "I hope to—— he wont," replied my captain, "I don't want him on board."

All vessels intended for sea, even a colonization vessel, with emigrants and their plunder, in addition to stores, ultimately clear and go seaward; so did the "*Orion*," and rapidly she slid down the bay in one day and night, eager to enter father Neptune's domain. But a down-easter headed her off and forced her into Hampton Roads for a season. To me, that season of a few days, was the most charming of my life. It should be remembered, that I had scarcely inhaled pure outdoor air for months, nor seen the sun; so that on awaking and emerging from my doghole, late in the morning, and finding the schooner at anchor in the centre of Hampton Roads, I felt somewhat as did Simleh Bella, a native African chief, whom I introduced into the city of New York, years after: "I tink God made dis place, man no fit do him." The glorious works of God and man seemed here united. The beautiful sheet of water, surrounded by forts, fortifications, villages and wooded shores; bearing on its now placid bosom innumerable vessels, of all grades, wind-bound like ourselves; the season, the most charming of the year, the autumn Indian summer; the sun pouring down its rays, modified for perfect enjoyment, by the hazy atmosphere; all conspired to intoxicate me. My hungry lungs craved the pure air as "The heart panteth after the water brooks." I basked in the sun's rays, literally rolling on the deck, that every part of my poor emaciated body might receive its renovating influence. I became a very Gheber, ready to worship this great source of light and life, realizing, in its fullest sense, "an exceeding weight of" enjoyment. The few days in Hampton Roads brought me well back into life, the second step, from the death-life of the Infirmary;—the Pilot tavern, with kind Mrs. Watson, the first.

The charm was broken by a strong nor' wester, which drove us out to sea and across the Gulf stream. About the sixth day out, in mid ocean, the captain, one morning, descried a sail, dead astern. She neared us rapidly; by noon was alongside, and proved to be the charming little schooner we had left in Baltimore, now doubly charming with every

stitch of canvas set, *all a tanto*. The wind was fresh and increasing, yet she carried on all, and was soon far ahead on her way. Although willing for a long voyage, I felt indignant that we should be under short sail, whilst another should spread double the amount of canvas, and hinted to the Captain, that he was doing the Society injustice as the charter was by the month. His response was, "know nothing, fear nothing;" and proceeded to take in more sail. I watched the schooner till she disappeared in a haze, long before she was hull down; there being no marked horizon. In no very pleasant state of mind I went below, again bemoaning my hard fate at not being in the other schooner. How different would have been my feelings, had I then known what came to me after, viz: that the pretty little craft was never again heard of; probably went down that night in the gale which followed, damaging us considerably. Query. Was this a second providence?

Our first land-fall was Grand Cape Mount, some sixty miles to the windward of Cape Mesurado. This is the only elevation noticeable at sea, from Sierra Leone to Monrovia; and from the latter, to Cape Palmas. It is the most beautiful, symetrical, natural pyramid, conceivable—without shoulder, rock, slide or other break in its entire outline—covered with a dense forest to its very summit, an elevation something over one thousand feet. It literally "reposes in solitary grandeur." The sight of it was a charm to our people and removed all apprehensions, ever felt by emigrants, that all was not *exactly right*.

Passing Cape Mount about noon, we came to anchor in Mesurado Roads, on Saturday evening. At daylight, on Sunday morning, we found ourselves in company with two most sorry looking vessels, both brigs, from Philadelphia, which had been on trading voyages in the rivers at the windward, Nunes, Pongas, and Rio Grande. They were dirty and weather-worn, dismantled and not half manned. The surviving officers and crews of both were on shore, under treatment by the colonial physician. Very soon the master of one of the brigs boarded the Orion; and learning that there was a doctor on board, begged that I would visit his cabin boy, too sick for removal to the shore. On getting on board the brig, I found her condition even worse than a distant view promised. The cook, just able to crawl about, convalescent from fever, and the cabin boy, only, remained on board. On going below, I heard a dull deep moaning from one of the berths, and tried to elicit from the stupid cook and quite as stupid and more brutal Captain a history of the case, before examining the patient. I could learn nothing but that the boy had lain so for a day or two, utterly unconscious, giving no indications of the seat of his sufferings except an occasional raising, of one hand to

the back of his head. I ordered him to be turned over for examination; in the dim light of the berth, the back of his neck seemed very black. Placing my hand on it, to my horror, I found it covered with a mass of black ants. We managed to get him out of his berth on to the transom, when I found the skin, superficial muscles and cellular substance so eaten away that the carnivorous devils were nested deep amongst the large muscles, nerves and blood vessels of the neck; the most shocking sight I ever witnessed. I addressed that "Von Slyperkin" of a Captain in terms not to be recorded here. Bad as the case was, the poor boy seemed relieved as we cleaned out the cavity, and his moaning ceased. The Captain reported him to have rested well during the day, but on the morning of Monday as having entered into his long rest. But I have never felt at rest when I recall the scene to mind, and the penning it down, chills me, even now. 'Tis well that the mother of that poor boy never knew of his sufferings.

The relief afforded these vessels by the Colony was by no means a rare case: many had before been saved from destruction. Shortly after my arrival a large vessel was seen to the windward maneuvering in a strange manner, backing and filling apparently with no special purpose or intent; so that Governor Mechlin was induced to man a small Colonial schooner to investigate her character and condition. She proved to be a river trader like the Philadelphia brigs; all her officers and crew sick or dead, and her sails managed by Kroomen alone, who were unable, with such directions as the sick officers could give, to navigate the vessel to Monrovia. Such cases never occur of late years; the introduction of quinine has so entirely modified the malignity of the African fever. On returning to the "Orion," to make ready for the shore, I found more professional work, which detained me on board for the day. We had two more passengers to land than we set out with, at once *emigrants* and *immigrants*. Having thus early rendered some professional service, I enjoyed not a little self-gratulation.

MY "FIRST IMPRESSIONS," received while at anchor in the roadstead, were anything but favorable. The scenes on board that dirty charnel brig had chilled me to the core; it gave me a foretaste—even a fore-smell of the "Dark Continent;" for it is well known that anything, clothes or furniture long on shore, or in the rivers, subject to shore influences, acquire a deadly smell, long retained and never forgotten. Then too, I felt that I was no longer at sea, free in the free air, but anchored, as was the "Orion." Turning to the shore, there was nothing to charm away my depressions. I looked for the town "overlooking the harbor," but, save the roof of the Agency house and the upper story of another, just rising above the bush, nothing of the town was visible.

The ridge of the cape bore south, in full view, near two miles in extent, heavily wooded, terminating westerly in a bold bluff, the trees overhanging the rocky shore. East of us, stretched a sand beach at right-angles with the cape line, and beyond that, a heavy growth of mangrove and other timber, common to tropical marshland. As we lay well in shore, we could plainly see the thatched haycock cottages of the fishermen, and myriads of naked children rolling in the surf and sand, but too—too much like the black ants of that black brig. Nothing else visible—nothing enticing shoreward. To say the least, I was homesick—with no home to go to, and yet “I could but remember such things were, that were most precious to me.” The truth was, I had the blues—deep blue—for cause and causes various.

But bright and early on Monday morning, having exorcised all devils’ tempting, blue or black, I made ready for shore, and was shortly deposited on some loose stones called the *public wharf*, and somehow, gotten up the steep, rocky acclivity, and delivered to the Governor, Dr. Mechlin, who, although advised by Captain Llufric that an invalid doctor came in the “Orion,” could not suppress a look of astonishment at so unpromising a consignment. But he received me very kindly, even cordially, after a few words had passed, gave me a room in the Government House, and made me a member of his little family, consisting of himself and Mr. Rus-wurm, his private secretary, so well known years after, as the Governor of the Maryland Colony at Cape Palmas. From him I received much kindness and assistance in preparing for my work, which I could not have expected of the Governor, and we soon became warm friends, from many sources of sympathy. He was a native of one of the West India islands, his father an American merchant there, his mother an African. He was educated in one of our best New England academies, and graduated A. M. at Bowdoin College, where I had previously received my medical diploma. We had many acquaintances in common, not only at Bowdoin, but in Boston, other parts of New England, and even in Hayti, to which some of his personal friends had emigrated. The first demand I made upon my new-found friend was the brief use of the scales I saw opposite, and the result showed a gain of thirty-one pounds, a pound a day, for the voyage, from land to land, throwing out the five blissful days in Hampton Roads.

The important question now arising was, as to my means of locomotion. A hammock or a Krooman’s back was proposed. The hammock would not answer in their bushy streets, and I belonged not to the profession, which has been said to “ride on the necks of the people.” Finally, a solitary donkey was found in the upper, river settlement, the only one living of five brought from Cape de

Verdes years before; him we secured, and without much difficulty rigged up an old saddle, manufactured a bridle from trunk straps, bits from wire, and I was soon mounted and ready for active service. I might well have been likened to Don Quixote on Sancho's dapple, with crutch for the lance, and shouting, not for a charge on the wind mills, but on the coast fever, in the language of Fessenden's "Terrible Tractoration:"

"Come on! begin the grand attack
With aloes, squills and ipecac."

But the Don never felt more elated, in his most furious raids, than did I, with the absolute means of locomotion, afforded by this humble and to me, most valuable animal. I felt that I had, in reality returned to life, and I hoped, usefulness—not longer to be ministered unto, but to minister.

Having thus devoted several pages, too many by half, to my individual self, 'tis but fair and proper that my co-mate in labor, should have a suitable introduction, ever present as he is with me in the retrospection, and so long an associate in another field of labor. In Monrovia, with the colonists, it was merely the "Doctor and his ass:" with the natives about the town, the "man with two sticks, on him bullock,"—each receiving due consideration. But years after, at Cape Palmas, we were more closely joined: realizing that fabled monster of antiquity, the Centaur, claiming as I, or we might, from our profession, to be Chiron himself, the real Father of Medicine. The *materialization* or conjugation took place on this wise. Soon after getting housed on the Cape and putting things in *working order*, I found it necessary to visit one of our liege Kings, Baphro of Cavally-River Mouth. With a limited tail, consisting of my head man, Yellow Will and two colonists, I set off on the beach for his town. On the way lay a large town called Half-Cavalla, not included in our recently acquired territory, the people of which, being at enmity with our Palmas people, had never visited the Cape or seen "the Gubnoo!" As we came in sight, on the beach, they rushed out by hundreds, men, women and children, with arms aloft shouting like mad. The women, in particular, surrounded the donkey, closing in upon him, as near as they dared: pointing their fingers at his face, throwing kisses, posturing before him in the most disgusting and grotesque attitudes. Annoying as it was, I could not forbear a roar of laughter—when, as if by concert, all joined in one shout—howl—yell, loud and long, throwing themselves on the sand, clapping hands and evincing all possible demonstrations of astonishment and delight. The donkey stopped and refused to move. For explanation of the scene, I turned to Yellow Will, but found him, stolid and grum as he usually was, lying in the sand con-

vu'sed with laughter. After some delay and much scolding, I brought him to order. "You want to know what make dem people act so?" "Yes, that's just what I do want." "I most fear to tell you, but it be dis:—all dem peoples tink you and donkey be one—one Gubnoo—dey laugh so, cause one face look so he be sorry, go cry, and t'other face laugh, all eame *man*!"

Is it possible that the Centaur of the Grecian mythology had a like origin! Unexplained, would not these five hundred, yes, thousand people of Half-Cavalla, die in the belief and transmit it to their descendants, that the American Governor of Cape Palmas had two heads, six legs and, as the nursery riddle runs, "Four down standers, two down hangers and a whisk-about!" Again, on arriving at Baphro's, dismounting and removing the saddle, housing and bridle, another shout of astonishment went up—"They are taking the Gubnoo all apart apart."

At home, Palmas, the donkey established a reputation for wisdom and cunning, not based entirely upon his gravity, a quality said to be "assumed to cover defects of the mind." The natives of the town used to deposit their dead on an island, separated from our town by a narrow frith of the sea, necessitating their passage through our main street to the water side. On returning from service, they placed dishes of rice, cassada and other food as a propitiation to *their devil*, who was supposed to consume them as needed; usually a slow process, as he appeared in guise of sundry species of wild fowl. In his prowling about for bush and grass, Jack came across the deposits and literally "*played the devil with 'em*"—eat 'em up. This was sacrilege in the highest degree—and had at first to be atoned for by rather too valuable dashes, presents: but after awhile, little trouble came from it, but never an heir or undertaker watched a funeral with a deeper interest than did Jack.

On another occasion, and that, somewhat critical, Jack gave evidence, not only of his intelligence, but of his decided loyalty to the Government, of which he constituted so important a part of its chief executive. King Freeman, of Palmas, determined to make us pay a double price for all articles of food, already double former rates, or starve: forbidding all intercourse with other tribes; and as a prelude; the better to enforce his terms, issued an order for his people to leave our town and return home. "To your tents, O' Israel!" All in our employ, as public or private laborers, at once, dropped their tools and work and made for home,—taking care to drive all their live stock—cattle, sheep and goats feeding about our town and the intermediate pasture, before them. Jack was discovered in the herd, quietly moving off. I thought best not to attempt a rescue, trusting that his provender crib would induce his return in good time. As the drove

neared the native town, the boys gave evidence of their joy at the capture, and gathered in behind him, with shouts and whoops to hasten his entrance. This seemed to awaken Jack to the reality of his situation; he stopped, looked about him, and with one brief responsive shout, head and tail erect, made a dash for the centre of cattle and boys, scattering all right and left, fairly earning the appellation, so well known of "L'Ouverture:" and set off at a gallop, never before exhibited—nor ceased till on the plateau in front of our stockade, and then turning, gave a "Liberty blast," loud and long—prolonged with a regurgling *Tiger*, responded to, not only by a hurrah! from the colonists, but screams of astonishment and delight from native women and children. From this time forth, donkey was considered as *one of us*, possessing what a late eminent Doctor of Divinity termed a "Terrene Soul," in some lower sphere. perhaps there taking rank as an "Angeloid." But peace be with him wherever and however he may be—*Reste donc!* "But, to return to our narrative."

THE TOWN OF MONROVIA. On my way out, I had made myself acquainted with Mr. Ashmun's paper town, streets and public buildings, as when he left, three years previously; perhaps the actual town looked better then; doubtless it did, to him—better than the original forest—but Monrovia could not be called a town, village or city; the term *settlement* only, being applicable. There were streets, houses, shops and people, but to say the least, not well arranged. The streets had the appearance of a young forest of second growth. It should be borne in mind that there were no carriages or beasts of pleasure or burthen, or likely to be on this rocky cape; and yet, the main streets east and west, from a half to a mile in length, were from sixty to one hundred feet wide, and nothing but zig-zag foot-paths traversing them from side to side or from house to house. I believe the cross streets were of less width; I judge so from recollections of one, near the Government House, and the only one that could be designated as a street, the connection elsewhere being by foot-paths obliquing across vacant lots, possibly, within the bounds of streets, as laid out. Along all these, throughout the town, save perhaps two squares in the centre or most populous part, the foot-paths were bordered by a thick growth of sedge grass and shrubs, from one to two feet in height, rendering it very difficult, almost impossible for females to pass along in the early morning or in the rainy season, without wet garments. I was often forced to ride cross-legged—tailor fashion—on my donkey from the same cause. In addition to this nuisance, were the guava and other fruit trees, alike shedding water and hiding the houses from view. From the side path or building line of a street, houses on the opposite side only were visible, the inevitable guava obstructing any

view of the houses on the same side. The founders of Liberia anticipated, *in fact*, the American "Forest City."

THE DWELLINGS AND SHOPS. The condition of these were far more creditable than that of the streets, the public buildings perhaps, excepted. There were three very plainly built, barn like-churches, two Baptist, one Methodist. The court-house was merely a little shop, with a porch to dignify it. The Government or Agency house was of two stories, containing four rooms of 20 feet square, two above and two below, with stairway, passage and a broad double piazza all around. It was built at the expense of the United States Government, of materials sent from this country. The dwellings of the colonists were generally of one story, wood, elevated or based on a rude stone underpinning, often of sufficient height for a store room. Even those of the poorest people were shut in by weather-boarding, and the roof covered with shingles, but they were mostly of poor material—soft wood, subject to early decay, if not sooner destroyed by the white ant. Three only were of two story and good finish, one being of stone. The stores or shops, when distinct from dwellings, were of the same character. There was but one good warehouse or store in the town, and that of stone, under the hill by the water-side, owned and occupied by the leading mercantile house of Waring & Taylor. Later, however, in 1833, the frontage on the river was surveyed, divided into suitable lots for wharves and warehouses, and sold to the merchants. Several large stone warehouses were soon erected, materially improving the appearance of things below the town, as well as facilitating commercial operations.

Many dwellings were unoccupied, either from death or removal of former occupants, the latter seeking homes in the upper settlements on the St. Paul's. So many were in this condition, that I was able, within a month of my arrival, to locate in them some 350 emigrants by the ship James Perkins—a cargo of penniless, almost clotheless people, driven from Southampton county, Va., after the raid or massacre of Nat Turner. As said above, the buildings were more creditable to the people than the condition of the streets. Had the town been more judiciously laid out, with the streets of a suitable width for use, converging to some central point, as a public square, Monrovia would have induced more favorable impressions as a town, city or capital. One could but wish that this plotting out of a town had been the only blunder committed by the Agents of the Society in Liberia. This one, of all others, could not be remedied. The entire population, or the native servants, who do all such work, could not have kept these broad avenues in decent order for travel, so rapid is the growth of weeds, grass and shrubs, especially in the rainy season.

For The African Repository.

ETHIOPIA.

BY MRS. MARTIN, COLUMBIA, S. C.

She's stretching forth her hands to Thee,
 Her dark and swarthy hands ;
 With her sunny fountains cometh she
 And with her golden sands ;
 With Obelisk and Pyramid
 With Memnon's music stone—
 Oh, Thou wilt never her forbid,
 But claim her as Thine own.
 By all the signs she'd have us see,
 Responsive to Thy will,
 Thine own sure word of prophecy
 She's going to fulfil.
 Unmanacled, redeemed and free,
 Lord ! she is coming unto Thee.

Yes, every gracious sign proclaims
 Her day of grace begun
 That, through His name, that name of names,
 Her heritage she's won,
 That, 'mong the nations she shall shine,
 A jewel rich and rare,
 Gracing the diadem divine
 Her blessed Lord doth wear.
 That, merging from her long dark night
 She, like the rising sun,
 Tells us by the sweet dawning light
 Her day, at last begun.
 And, that her long dark night is o'er,
 Forever and forevermore.

God speed her on ! long, long the way.
 For her, has been prepared ;
 To turn her darkness into day,
 Many have all things dared,
 And courted all things but as loss,
 So that they might proclaim
 To her, the story of the cross
 And, to her, name His name,
 Who brought salvation full and free
 To every clime and race,
 Who died for all that all might be
 Partakers of His grace—
 Now that she has that gospel heard,
 Oh, has it not her spirit stirred?

To move with all of christendom,
 Who're moving to her aid,
 Yes, rising to her strength she'll come,
 Who long has erred and strayed ;
 She'll come to prove her ancient right
 To culture and to art ;
 She'll come, what's more, unto the *light*,
 That need of her great heart.
 Yes, land, where grows the stately palm
 And lordly lion roves,
 For thee go up prayer, hymn and psalm :
 Thee, ancient land, God loves—
 Then, glorious land of seagirt shore
 Praise God, the Lord, forevermore.

AMERICA'S DEBT TO AFRICA.

The venerable Bishop Lee of Delaware, in his sermon at the consecration of Rev. Dr. Samuel D. Ferguson, Bishop-elect of Cape Palmas, which took place in Grace Church, New York City, June 24th, thus eloquently referred to the claims of Africa upon American Christians;—

“ While the debt owing to the unevangelized by the whole Church is world-wide and general, a particular Church must select portions of the great field upon which its efforts are to be expended. The providence of GOD may open this door or that, or the convictions of duty may point with special urgency in certain directions. Are there not considerations, forcible and weighty, that commend to us our African Mission? As citizens of these United States we find in our midst millions of African descent. How came they here? Not of their own will, nor are they the descendants of voluntary emigrants. Their ancestors were forcibly torn from their native land and transported across the ocean with most cruel indifference to their anguish and suffering; and those who survived the horrors of the passage were doomed to wear out their lives in hopeless servitude, and bequeath to their children an inheritance of bondage and degradation. It is not for us now to apportion the measure of guilt and accountability incurred by governments or people, or to boast that if we had lived in the days of our fathers we would not have been partakers with them in this inhuman traffic. Men's minds have greatly changed within the last hundred years upon this as upon some other questions. GOD be thanked that in some things certainly the world has been advancing, and that the claims of justice, mercy, and human brotherhood are better understood. We desire not to revive painful memories in the way of stigma and denunciation. But there is one point of view

in which it becomes us to look back at the past. Is it in the power of this generation to do something to redress this great wrong, and to repay this immense debt?

By the unrequited labors of those who were brought here manacled captives, and of their descendants, immense tracts of our country have been reclaimed and cultivated, and rich harvests reaped and garnered. There has been prodigious development of our resources, and the benefits have not been confined to one section of the land. How great a proportion of the wealth of which the nation boasts accrued from the toil of this people, GOD only knows. We, at the present day, cannot obliterate the past, or undo the wrong, or recall to life the sufferers, or return the debt in kind. But what we can do is to send heaven's choicest gift, the knowledge that maketh wise unto salvation, to the shores where once the slave-trader embarked his living cargo, and thus carry blessings to the kindred and countrymen of those who toiled and died in a land of strangers. To the millions of this race among ourselves, as well as to those beyond the sea, we should count ourselves debtors. If any branch of the evangelistic work of our Church has peculiar and sacred claims to generous support, it seems to me to be our African Mission, as well as our home Missions among our colored people. With glad and ready heart should we enter this open door. With free and unclosed hand should we pour our gifts into the LORD'S treasury. And when we read with averted eye the shocking details of former injustice and inhumanity, well may we thank GOD that He has shown us a way in which we may send back to those sunny climes a benefaction, the value of which cannot be told.

On the present occasion, when, in obedience to the mandate of our Church, we are assembled for the purpose of conferring the highest office in her gift upon a representative of this race, and clothing him with authority to preach the Word and to commission others to preach it, to build up and govern the Church of CHRIST on that continent, we may well be stimulated by the history of the past. It is our privilege to send the messenger of glad tidings, the harbinger of peace. Swift-winged ships now traverse the ocean, bearing not the robber and the pirate, but the evangelist and teacher, the helper and healer.

Over those immense regions which stretch from the Mediterranean far into the Southern Ocean there still prevails, with little exception, the unbroken reign of Satan and death. Scenes over which GOD has lavishly scattered loveliness and grandeur are devastated by incessant wars and appalling cruelties. The groans of the wretched are rising in agony and despair from burning villages and tortured cap-

tives. Sorcery and superstition poison the charities of social intercourse, and the living drag on their existence in constant terror. Oh ! if there be a debt owing from happy and favored people to the crushed and wretched, it is nowhere more evident and imperative.

In helping us to do something in this requital of Christian love, we call upon you, brother beloved in the LORD, to be our agent and co-operator. The fullest authority of the Gospel Ministry is now to be confided to you. Great is the trust, arduous the work, wide the field. For the wise discharge of your important duties, and their effectiveness and success, you will need, in no small measure, those gifts which our ascended Saviour bestows upon His Ministry, and for which our united prayers will now be offered."

STANLEY'S CONGO AND THE FOUNDING OF ITS FREE STATE.*

No one can well fail to acknowledge the invaluable service Henry M. Stanley has rendered, first, in his exploration of the Congo region: next, in negotiating with native chiefs and others so as to make a Congo Free State possible: thirdly, in promoting the Congo treaty, and getting some of its most important provisions put right and lastly, in recording all in the two handsome volumes now given to the public.

We gladly transfer the following review from the September *Missionary Herald* to our pages:—

"It was but eight years on the twelfth of August last since the intrepid African explorer, Henry M. Stanley, emerged from his perilous journey through the unknown regions of the Dark Continent, and, almost dead from fatigue and starvation, reached with his straggling company the mouth of the Congo. Two years later he appeared at the mouth of the same river, down which he had sailed with hostile arrows flying after him from either bank, with the purpose of conquering the region, not by force of arms, but by words and acts of peace. The attempt was bold and praiseworthy, though it impressed most observers as bordering on the quixotic. Yet only six years from the date of his return to Africa he puts forth these two superb volumes, describing the founding of a Free State on the Congo, and no one can dispute his right to affix to his account the motto: "The end crowns the work." It is certainly one of the marvels of modern

* *The Congo and the Founding of its Free State. A Story of Work and Exploration.* By Henry M. Stanley. With over one hundred full-page and smaller illustrations, two large maps, and several smaller ones. In two volumes. Pp. 528 and 483. New York: Harper and Brothers.

times that one who but eight years ago revealed to the world the sources of this mighty river of Central Africa is now able to report that, in the interests of the International Association, of which he has been the principal agent, over four hundred treaties have been made, signed by some two thousand chieftains, great and small, living along the banks of the Congo, and that at a great European conference, at which were present distinguished representatives of the principal nations of the civilized world, the Congo Free State was recognized and its national rights guaranteed. Surely a nation has been born in a day! If any one suggests that the Congo State is in a very infantile condition, it may be answered that this is no reason why it should not live and grow. Hercules at his birth might have been stronger than other babes but his capacities were not to be estimated as if he were then in the prime of his manhood.

The story told in these volumes of Mr. Stanley is intensely interesting as well as instructive. It is difficult to conceive of a work requiring more patience and courage than the building of a road by which steamers and goods can be taken on wagons along the rough canons which separate the smooth waters of the Lower and the Upper Congo. For twenty-eight months, Stanley was engaged in this gigantic work without competent European assistants and with a force of laborers far below his requirements. It is not surprising that the man who could level a road from Vivi to Isangila, and from Manyanga to Stanley Pool, was called by the natives, Bula Matari, "breaker of rocks," and that under this name his fame should spread far into the interior whither he was going. But engineering was only one of the many talents required for this undertaking. Sometimes rocks are more easily managed than men. To conciliate chiefs, to make treaties of peace, including the right to build stations and to trade, to keep open a long line of communication while still advancing toward the interior, required skill and persistence such as few possess. It is not surprising to find Stanley complaining of his European lieutenants as weak and incompetent. A man of his energy would find few like himself, search where he might.

From a missionary point of view, also, there is much of interest in these volumes. It is specially pleasant to find that the very tribes which fought so fiercely when Stanley came down the river in 1877 were with no great difficulty won to friendliness on his return. The African is not such a savage as some of us suppose. Some lessons of value may be learned by missionaries as to methods of negotiating with chiefs and people. Doubtless the missionaries would reject some of the methods employed by Mr. Stanley. They would not under any circumstances make presents of ardent spirits, nor would they

continue such a noise as that which frightened chief Ngalyema out of his wits. But the mingled firmness and suavity which seem generally to have characterized his intercourse with the people are worthy of much commendation.

While our author certainly believes that there are all the elements of a great State in this Congo region, he cannot be accused of concealing the difficulties in the way of developing the territory, of subduing nature, and of civilizing and Christianizing the people. He sees in the great basin of the upper river, stretching over one thousand miles from Stanley Pool on the west to Stanley Falls on the east, many sections that remind him of Eden's loveliness, rich in all products which give prosperity to a nation; but he clearly shows that the natives are not hastening to the coast and beckoning to the merchants of Europe and America to send their ships and carry away this wealth. On the other hand, he tells us that the African is not easily tamed; that he will have to be taught to work; that it will take time and much patient labor to develop the resources of the country. From a report recently made to a department of our Government a summary of which has been given in the public press, it would almost seem that the officer in charge expected on arriving at the mouth of the Congo to find cargoes of goods waiting for shipment to America and that it was only necessary to open a trading post to secure a profitable traffic. For any extravagant notions of immediate returns, Mr. Stanley's book gives no warrant. But we believe that he has clearly shown that there are in this Congo region all the elements of a great State, and that whatever power shall wisely and patiently undertake to develop the region will reap a rich reward."

STANLEY ON THE SLAVE TRADE.

In the speech delivered recently in the London Mansion House by Henry M. Stanley before the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, he said: "This proposed mission or enterprise (the African International Association) is not to destroy, but to save; it is to lend the kindly but firm hand, comfort with wise counsel, to cement tribe with tribe in one solid wall for resistance to the threatened invasion of the slave-hunter, to put the deed and the doer of the abominable evil under the public ban of all the tribes around you. What is your commissioner to say unto them? Only such words as every peasant in every village in Africa can well understand. 'I come to help you in the protection of your families and your kindred from the men hunters and kid-nappers, and to help defend your homes and your lands from the ruthless

robbers who are coming against you.' Such assistance will never be refused by the natives. The universal mode of address to the traveller, 'My brother, hail,' the universal practice of blood brotherhood—the lengthy invocation of horrid curses on the perjured and fratricide, all prove it. Liberty and fraternity form the basis of their existence. To insure liberty to them is your mission, and a platonic fraternity every village chief will offer to you. So far as I have expounded the principles which should govern your mission, have any of you, ladies and gentlemen, detected aught that jars on your feelings? If not, let it comfort you to know that neither to the trembling tribes north of the Nile-Congo watershed will there sound aught unwelcome. You are safely assured if you believe that in like predicament as they are in to-day you would hail the deliverer. Remember also that invisible moral power has gained as many victories as gross material power on this globe of ours; that in the universe at large moral power is omnipotent. Who knows to what infinite lengths might not this moral power, invoked to-day in this hall, extend throughout the troubled regions watered by the Nile?

"The extent of country exposed by the abandonment of law and order in the Soudan, which will always be treated as a slave nursery, and which lies outside of the New Congo State, covers some 150,000 square miles, and was known generally, until lately, as the Equatorial Province of the Bahr Gazelle. It lies principally between the fifth and ninth degrees of north latitude. To the east lies the beautiful *Cashmere* of Africa, and to the west the Chadda-Congo lands, peopled by harmless races. By an observing English traveller who was there a few years ago it is described as having a good climate. The whole of it is a rich and fertile country, watered by numberless rivers, between which forests of mighty trees and grand undulating plains are found. Tropical luxuriance marked every feature of it, winding foot-paths led through charming sylvan scenery, occasionally embowered by the foliage of an umbrageous forest, where even at midday one might enjoy delicious coolness in a dim, mysterious twilight. This describes what I have often seen myself; you also, from the graphic power of the sympathetic traveller, may in a manner imagine a glowingly warm Windsor Park, left all untended, which the sensuous nature of the equator has nourished to a wild loveliness. In these beautiful and profuse lands, wherein nature never plays the niggard, dwelt a few years ago happy people, ignorant of everything but of the prodigal abundance by which they were blessed. The stranger, white or dark, was welcome when he came; they made him joyous with their simple beers and meads; they invited him to a seat under the frondent shade, and regaled his ears with native minstrelsy and feasted

him with the saccharine juices of the sugar-cane. But, alas! these strangers came only to spy out the land, and were repaid by the discovery of its weakness. They came a second time with numbers of armed men; they dotted a lovely land with zerebas or fortified stations, garrisoned by fierce bandits from Dongola and Berber, and the process of desolation throughout the blooming tropic paradise began."

From The Foreign Missionary.

SHALL THERE BE ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION IN AFRICA?

Now that the grand enterprise inaugurated by the King of Belgium in the valley of the Congo has become an acknowledged fact, the question has arisen whether, in the event of a successful railroad connection between Suakim on the Red Sea and Berber on the Upper Nile, a similar association might not be formed for the Soudan? Strong reasons are given for such an enterprise, such as these:

1st. It would furnish Great Britain a worthy object in her further operations in Soudan. "To smash the Mahdi" has already become a by-word in England. Anxious as all are to see the prestige of British arms restored, it is nevertheless felt that a crusade of revenge is unworthy of a great Christian nation. No one can read the recent debates in both Houses of Parliament without discovering how great is the perplexity of Great Britain. She cannot turn back; yet what motive has she for going forward? Wanted, a great and humane object!

2d. Such an enterprise would furnish at least a partial warrant for the constructing of a railroad between Suakim and Berber. This would open communication with about 2,000 miles of navigable water above the fifth Cataract, and furnish an outlet for the trade of both the White and the Blue Nile, thus supplying a revenue which in time would go far toward the support of the railroad. Moreover, the difficulties of guarding and operating the road would be greatly diminished if the desert tribes were once made to see that not conquest but legitimate commerce were the end in view. While the Nile valley for a great distance southward of the Delta is barren, and the country which skirts it is barren, the Upper Nile flows through a land of great fertility. The difficulty of transporting its products to the sea, by way of Cairo and Alexandria, is almost insurmountable, on account of the cataracts; five of which, and the worst, are below Berber. The sixth cataract, situated above that point, is only a collection of jutting rocks, through which, with care, small vessels of light draught can pass. It is not to be overlooked that any scheme for tapping the Nile at Berber, and diverting the future commerce of Soudan from Cairo and

Alexandria, would probably meet with more or less opposition from the Egyptian Government, but should the various European powers give their united support to the enterprise it would succeed, and in time Egypt herself would derive greater profit than she does now.

3d. An International Association which, by a peace policy, should develop the agricultural resources of Soudan, would prove the most effective, if not the only means, by which the East African slave trade can be suppressed. So long as Soudan is undeveloped, and the condition of the people is that of want and misery, no amount of outside pressure from the powers of Europe can suppress the trade. Men who are either disinclined to engage in agricultural or pastoral pursuits, or who are satisfied that there is no governmental protection for property thus acquired, will continue to find an easier means of subsistence in the traffic of human flesh and blood. The slave trade is a natural result of the conditions existing in all that vast region, but it is contended that good government, a market for cereals and a steady supply of Manchester goods would gradually effect the desired change; that the fanaticism and hypocrisy of El Mahdi would lose their power over men who had begun to feel the inspiration of European commerce, and the many races of Soudan, numbering not less than twelve millions, would become the foremost nation of Africa.

4th. Inasmuch as the great aim of Gordon's career in Africa was the overthrow of the slave trade and the advancement of the people of Soudan, such a scheme would constitute the noblest monument that could be reared to his memory. A late issue of the *Pall Mall Budget* warmly advocates this scheme as alone meeting the demand of popular sentiment in regard to Gordon. Never before was a committee so august in great names appointed to devise and erect a monument. A marble shaft, an hospital, a home or school for children, would be a small product of so much genius and influence; it would be wholly inadequate to express the moral magnitude of Gordon's unique career; it would fall far short of the popular demand.

5th. The Gordon International Association, for such is the name proposed, would, in connection with the railroad line to the Red Sea, solve the problem of communication with the Nyanza lakes region, as the Congo Association has formed complete communication from the Atlantic to Lake Tanganyika. The long overland route from Zanzibar seems difficult of accomplishment for many reasons. The Nile valley is the natural outlet for the commerce, as it is for the waters, of the great equatorial lakes, Victoria and Albert. It seems like that for the present the attention of Great Britain may be wholly absorbed by greater and more pressing issues in Afghanistan. It is, perhaps, probable that a home and schools for poor children may be established

as the Gordon Memorial, but the Soudan question will come up again for solution. The great "River of Egypt" will not remain closed to civilization. The East African slave trade cannot survive this waning century. A narrow theocratic impostor of Islam cannot long hold an empire of twelve millions.

Yet who shall civilize the Soudan? Egypt cannot. The Turk would not, if he could. No one nation of Europe would be permitted to undertake it. It must be a union movement of civilized nations, and conducted in the interest of civilization and humanity.

From The A. M. E. Church Review.

THE COLORED AMERICAN AND AFRICA.

BY REV. C. H. THOMPSON, D. D.

Rector of St. Philip's Church, New Orleans, La.

I take it for granted, Mr. Editor, that your purpose in asking a number of gentlemen, in different parts of the country, to write upon the question, "What should be the policy of the colored American towards Africa," is not to get an elaborate statement from each, or any one of them, but to get, in brief, such an expression from thoughtful men of the race as may be safely accepted as that which ought to be the attitude of colored Americans towards Africa and her people. Twenty years ago I stood a delegate upon the floor of a National Convention of colored men in the city of Washington, and there appeared at that convention a citizen of Liberia, who had been President of that Republic, and yet such was the feeling of leading men of that convention against Africa and African colonization that this gentleman was not treated with common civility; indeed, if my memory be not at fault, he was treated with downright discourtesy.

But twenty years make a vast difference in the feeling, the sentiment and the judgment of a nation or a people; and twenty years have wrought wonders for us as a people. Being fully invested with all the rights of citizenship has greatly enlarged the horizon of our mental vision. We are not to-day the narrow men we were twenty years ago. Again, that which produced the feeling of hostility to Africa does not now exist. With the passing away of slavery, the possibility of connecting Africa and emigration to that country with the system of American slavery, ceased. And now, with an unbiased mind, and with our enlarged mental vision of to-day, we ought to be able to look at Africa as citizens of this and other countries are looking at that vast continent, with an area of more than 9,000,000 square miles and a population of more than 200,000,000, and with a wealth that is inestimable in mineral, agricultural and other products. In a single

year the African mines, in their present undeveloped state, yielded diamonds to the value of \$18,000,000. The truth of the old maxim, that men are friendly disposed toward those who are profitable to them, finds illustrations in the conduct of all the civilized nations of Europe at the present time. No other country is receiving the attention that is now being bestowed upon Africa by all Europe. Merchants and capitalists are forming companies for commercial purposes in Africa, and for gold-mining, cabling and telegraphing. European Governments are granting large subsidies to some of these companies; and the King of Belgium is contributing \$250,000 per annum out of his private purse to aid exploring expeditions in Africa. Now the motives that induce these nations and individuals to bestow thought, labor and millions of money upon Africa should influence us, and for the same reasons. Our policy toward Africa, therefore, should be to encourage our people to watch and study the developments of that wonderful country. The attention of our young men should be directed to Africa as offering to them special opportunities for the accumulation of wealth. If European white men are forming companies and spending millions of dollars, and exposing themselves to the vicissitudes of the severe climatic influences of Africa, in order to get a foothold in that country and lay foundation for great wealth and influence in the near future, why should not our young men do likewise? Shall we not have some share in the rich spoils of the land of our ancestors? But if we colored Americans, for lack of forecast, skill and adventurous enterprise, fail to seize and appropriate the rich heritage that lies before us, white men will possess themselves of that which, by ancestral right, is ours.

The whole coast of Africa offers facilities to enterprising traders. On the Liberian coast may be seen mere boys, English, German and French, not yet of age, seeking their fortunes by carrying on a thriving trade. As to our financial ability to enter that country for commercial purposes there can be no question. We are as able as are many of the individuals and associations of men from other countries now trading in Africa. We do know that there is a large amount of unemployed capital in the hands of colored men. This capital judiciously invested in the African trade would yield a handsome percentage. Some of the vessels in the African trade, between Liverpool and the West Coast, pay as much as fifteen per cent. per voyage. Liberia affords a grand opportunity for getting a foothold in that country and should be made the base of operation by our enterprising young men.

In Liberia there is an organized Negro community, Republican in form, and possessed of Christian institutions and civilized habits.

Here are offered to our men advantages superior to those offered to white men, we can become citizens of that Republic; white men cannot. We are racially indigenous to the tropics, and therefore have less to fear from climatic influences than white men who go to that country for purposes of trade. And then Africa is the land of our ancestral kindred and the duty is ours, in a peculiar sense, to give to that land civilization physical, material, mental, moral and spiritual. We show ourselves wanting in the commonest as well as the most sacred instincts of humanity if we are not permeated with a profound and growing interest in the land of our forefathers.

TO WEALTHY COLORED MEN.

Rev. G. W. Woodley, of Omaha, Nebraska, sends a strong appeal to the wealthy colored men of New York, Boston and elsewhere to unite and open up commercial relations with Africa, which, he says, would be a benefit to the race generally as well as add to the fortunes of those engaged in it. Our limited space prevents us from giving the communication in full as we would like to do. But the following is its substance:

"A concentration of this great capital would be a power for good in the material and intellectual advancement of the Negro race. After years of careful study of the operations going on in Africa, I am convinced that it is just the country for the wealthy colored men of the United States to open trade with. It is not as far off as India, with which the East India Company began its successful operations. Already white traders and merchants are amassing wealth in different parts of Africa, and the Negro can do the same. He should not sit still while others reap the good of the land of his forefathers, and that too when the thrifty Republic of Liberia is ready to welcome him to the West coast of Africa. All explorers unite in declaring Africa to be the most productive country in the world. There are several large towns and cities in Soudan, some having as many as 100,000 inhabitants. It was the opinion of Admiral R. W. Shufeldt, of the U. S. Flagship Ticonderoga, after a partial survey, that a railroad could be cheaply and easily built from the port of Monrovia to the interior. The people of Soudan are industrious and more civilized than any other of the native Africans. There are three lines of steamers from Europe to the West Coast, ready to take all that can be produced. Now let the wealthy colored people of this country unite and run a railroad from Liberia to the interior, and it would prove a financial success. This road would run through a country unsurpassed in

richness of soil and productiveness. Cotton, coffee, sugar, rice and every other tropical production can be raised in abundance. Thousands of industrious colored people would emigrate from this country and settle on the line of this road, cultivate farms and trade with the natives, making business for the road. Besides, this road would give employment to a large number of colored persons who would gladly exchange their present menial labors here for such a good opportunity to better their condition. Here they are crouching at the feet of white men begging for positions while they have a country which white men say is better than theirs. There is no future before the American Negro equal to that which will follow the opening up of Africa, the civilization and Christianization of our own people. There may be difficulties in the way, but such are inseparably connected with all great enterprises."

From the Charleston, S. C. News and Courier.

A TALK WITH A RETURNED EMIGRANT.

A sensation has been created in colored circles by the return to Charleston of one of the emigrants who left Charleston some years ago on the memorable voyage of the historic bark *Asor*. The returned emigrant is Mrs. Clement Irons, who reached here via New York by the ship *Monrovia*. Mrs. Irons is naturally an object of intense interest to the colored people of Charleston. She was found by a representative of *The News and Courier* yesterday at the residence of a relative in Calhoun street, where she had been detained at the urgent solicitation of the Reporter, for the purposes of an interview.

Mrs. Irons was sitting in the piazza, in company with an old mamma and two other colored women. She is a middle aged woman black in color and of rather pleasant features. She was attired in a gown of brown stuff with a white spencer, wore a pair of gold butterflies in her ears and had her hair neatly and artistically plaited. She presented the embodiment of the pleasant, good natured, well-bred colored matron of the olden time,

The Reporter was invited to take a seat in a comfortable chair, brought from Liberia, and Mrs. Irons at once consented to tell all she knew about her new home. Her husband, Clement Irons, is remembered in Charleston as an active, intelligent and respectable colored man, the inventor of the "Irons Cotton Gin," and a man who had the universal respect of white and colored people alike, and who had a prosperous future before him in his native city. His departure for Liberia in the *Asor* was a surprise to all who knew of his prosperous circumstances and prospects. It was reported here some time ago that he had died. This, Mrs. Irons hastened to say, was not true.

"We are all alive, my husband, myself and our five children, and enjoying the best of health. Our home is at Millsburg, on the St. Paul's river. We did not settle there at first. We went to a place on the Montserado river, but moved from there to our present settlement about three years ago. My husband is engaged in the business of a machinist. He makes and repairs machinery of all kinds, principally coffee mills, rice mills, &c. Sometimes when he has a big job, he hires hands, but he generally does it all himself."

"Any sickness there?" asked the Reporter. "Well, yes, when you first get there you get an attack of the fever. It is just like our broken-bone fever here—It racks you in all your joints. All of us had the fever, but we got over it and we are getting along very well now. Our children are growing up finely, and my eldest daughter has married. No, she did not marry a native. She married a young man named James Emmons, who was born in Liberia of American parents."

"Any natives there?"

"Oh, yes, plenty of natives. They do not live there, but they come in at times to trade and to work. They are a good-natured kind of people. The natives are useful to cut the brush and work about the farm. No, we don't have any trouble with them. They seem good-natured and harmless enough. They bring palm oil and nuts and rice and mats and different things, sometimes plantains and fruit. We trade with them, giving them cloth or tobacco. A good bunch of bananas is worth a yard of common homespun. Oh, yes, we raise bananas and plantains ourselves, but sometimes when our'n aren't ripe we buy from the natives."

"What else do you raise?"

"Well, we can raise almost anything. We have cassada—something like a potatoe, rice, coffee, corn, all sorts of vegetables, potatoes, cabbage, snap beans, cucumbers, sibbi beans, okra, tomatoes, water-melons."

"Just the same as at home, eh?"

"Yes, just the same as at home. Anything you put in the ground will grow."

"We don't have to plough in that country. There's nothing to do but to hoe. The greatest trouble is to get the bush off the land. We get the natives to do that. They cut it and then burn it, and when this is done we just take a spade and chop a hole in the ground and plant our cassada sticks. After the plants get up out of the ground we sow rice in the field. All it needs is a little hoeing now and then. The rice is like our Charleston rice, only 'taint as white. It's reddish and I don't think it's as large as our rice. Our vegetables are very little trouble to us."

"How much of a farm have you got?"

"Our farm is about ten acres, I suppose. Oh, yes, we raise coffee. You know you don't have to plant coffee but once. It grows on trees. We've got about one thousand trees planted—they haven't borne yet. It takes about three years before they bear fruit. I expect to pick coffee berries by the time I get home."

"Any cotton?"

"Oh, yes, we raise cotton, but not like we do in this country. I have planted a dozen or more cotton bushes around the lot in the fence corners and we get enough cotton off them to make quilts and things we want about the house. The cotton bush don't die. It just lives there year in and year out and bears every year. No, we don't spin it; we only use it for wadding quilts and about the house generally. No, there is never any frost there. It's about as hot as it is here to-day all the year around."

"Any fresh meat?"

"Of course there are goats and sheep. I raise them myself, and chickens and bullocks and deer, which the natives sometimes bring in to sell or trade for cloth or tobacco."

"Are you satisfied with your new home?"

"Well, I never did like Africa, but I have no fault to find with it. It's a good enough place to live in, and I'm going back as soon as I get tired of staying here."

Mrs. Irons says she left Monrovia in May. She came as a steerage passenger in the *Monrovia*, paying \$50 for her passage. She brought with her, of course, quite a number of "specimens," besides a quantity of coffee, all of which were very cheerfully brought out and exhibited to the Reporter. She was asked whether she considered her husband's financial condition as good as it was when he left Charleston, but to this replied that she "couldn't exactly say." It was hard to fix a money value to their possessions in Liberia, owing to the scarcity of money, but she added that they were all enjoying good health, had plenty to eat and drink, and considered themselves fairly prosperous. Irons, she said, had no idea of returning to Charleston. They had made their home in Liberia and intended to remain there.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH AT MONROVIA.

The Roman Catholics recently established at Monrovia have purchased for their Mission work the premises formerly owned by Hon. James S. Payne, late President of the Republic, and they are making collections in Europe for erecting a church edifice at Monrovia. Their Cathedral at Sierra Leone is approaching completion.

MOHAMMEDAN MOVEMENT IN WEST AFRICA.

A movement resembling that of the Mahdi in North-East Africa is on foot in Senegambia, West Africa. A Mohammedan leader, half religious and half military, having under his command about 100,000 men, is operating between Timbuctoo and the coast. He has subdued all the powerful pagan tribes between Liberia and Sierra Leone and the head-waters of the Niger. A detachment of his army has recently driven French troops from the gold regions of Boure, which they had occupied; another is besieging the French garrison at Bammako, and another is within a few miles of the coast, N. W. of Sierra Leone. Their object is to put down marauding tribes and open the way to the coast for uninterrupted trade. This energetic chief was born in the country east of Liberia, near Medina, the large Muslem city whose Sultan desired to be annexed to Liberia in 1878. He has taken Medina under his control as well as Musardu, the Mohammedan city visited by Anderson, the Liberian explorer, some years ago under the auspices of Hon. H. M. Schiefelin, of New York. That whole region of country now enjoys peace and order and uninterrupted traffic. The country east of Liberia is now in a most favorable condition for the reception of Negro immigrants from the United States,

For the African Repository.

LIBERIA'S REPOSE TO THE CALL.

BY HON. C. T. O. KING, MAYOR OF MONROVIA.

I have read the report of the Standing Committee on Emigration for 1885 of the American Colonization Society. I have been in the habit for years of reading these reports, but I have never been so touched and thrilled as I am at this moment.

The description in the report of the four threads in the loom of Providence is full of suggestion. "Amazing threads they all are, but the pattern is from an Omnipotent hand."

What a privilege to have a part, however apparently insignificant, in working in this loom—while God himself designs and directs!

In all the darkness of the ages of human development God has never left Himself without a witness. I have been much affected by the remark that "the only ear to listen at the telephone call and gather up the cry which comes from all parts of the land where the African people dwell is the Colonization Society—the old Colonization Society which many thought dead." And in the original home of these people, Liberia is the only voice that responds and calls directly to them to come over not only to help Africa but help them

selves. Oh that this little Republic could, more and more, lift up and emphasize her voice to make herself so effectually heard that millions may be attracted and brought to her shores. Here again the American Colonization Society is the most attentive and effective ear at the telephone.

From our standpoint, of course, we do not see that the great work which God is carrying on in the United States—the rapid increase of wealth and of population—is for the simple aggrandizement of that country—that the whole effect of it is to be kept on that side of the Atlantic—and that too when there are seven millions of Africa's sons there, whose fatherland is waiting for and calling to them. We believe that America's greatest interest lies in sending help to Africa, by means of her sons who have toiled so long to build up that country. Perhaps in this particular matter we may have an illustration of the truth. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth—there is that withholdeth more than is meet and it tendeth to poverty." The withholding from Africa of her sons would, it appears to me, tend to the poverty of that country.

"Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee;
Heaven doth with us as we with lighted torches do
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not."

Among the appeals "rolling in upon the Society" from the Africans sojourning in America, as referred to in the report, is the one from Landsford, S. C. dated December 1st, 1884—the 63d anniversary of the great battle between the first settlers of Liberia and the dupes of the slave traders, which decided whether returned exiles from foreign lands were to find a foothold in this part of Africa. This appeal says that "500 men and women are ready to go at once."

Twelve days after, the most striking appeal is made from Darlington, S. C. by Rev. J. P. Brockenton, whose five reasons for wishing to come to Africa are sensible and suggestive. This is a man anxious to work—no office seeker coming for place and power. He will be content to remain out of the Presidential chair at least for the first year after he arrives. We shall be glad to welcome him and his people to share in the honor, and in the responsibilities and privileges of our great work here.

The appeal under date December 21st, from 1500 to 2000 strong in Texas is of great interest. Texas is a mighty state. These people should push out to our rich regions in the interior. The beautiful and salubrious table lands. beginning about seventy miles east of

Monrovia slope to the magnificent Niger valley, so much admired for its fertility by Mungo Park and Barth, where cattle and horses thrive in uncounted numbers. From this district cattle are carried by hundreds to Sierra Leone. The great Kings in that country have from one to five thousand horsemen in their army. Donkeys are also numerous. I wish the 2000 strong from Texas could find their way out to that country. There is plenty of room there for them, and an abundant welcome awaits them from the people—their own kith and kin.

The company at Denison, Texas, who wrote under date December 24, Christmas Eve—a fit time for planning for the redemption of their fatherland—would at once make a thriving settlement, composed as they are of farmers, school teachers, cabinet makers, ministers, brick-makers, blacksmiths, carpenters, well-diggers and laborers. May God help them to come over.

I am glad to see that the 2000 in Texas say that if they can get sufficient information from the American Colonization Society they will not send messengers. This is wise. The sending out of Commissioners is not the wisest plan. It is not best for thousands of people to depend for their movements upon the temperament or idiosyncrasy of one or two men. Only one sixth of the spies sent up by Moses to examine the promised land brought back a favorable report. It is not safe to encourage Commissioners to come. The Society, as far as possible, should give intending emigrants information of every detail, and let them save the money they would spend on Commissioners for assisting to settle themselves in their new home. If two Commissioners come out and one is silent on their return, his silence will do more harm to the cause than all the eulogies of his colleague. Upon the whole, the spirit of the appeals is refreshing. It is evident that the spirit of God is saying to these people, "go!"

Now is it too much to hope that the American Government with its vast wealth will not hesitate to give some assistance to these people? Europe is coming to Africa. Liberia is being hemmed in by European influence. This Republic must work with Europe if America continues to stand aloof. American citizens gave the munificent gift of \$3,000,000 dollars to found and assist in building up Liberia. Can the American Government turn its back upon this offspring of American benevolence—especially when there are so many thousand Africans born in America anxious to return and build up the waste places of their fatherland?

The thousands who are coming must push beyond the coast. The face of the Republic is now towards the rising sun. Our Aboriginal brethren will be glad to receive them and will follow their in-

dustrial and religious teachings. Our people are not like the Indians. They are receptive, not aggressive. Remember that Liberia, consisting of only a few thousand Negroes from America, has not only held her own surrounded by hundreds of thousands of Aborigines, but is continually advancing among them, gradually modifying and superceding their unprofitable customs by infusing the idea of a Christian civilization.

EDUCATIONAL WORK AMONG THE ABORIGINES.

The writer of the following letter, addressed to Rev. Dr. Blyden, is a native of the Queah tribe inhabiting the country southeast of Monrovia, and now Judge of the Quarterly Court of Montserrado county, Liberia. We feel a deep interest in the work Mr. Pitman aims to do, and earnestly hope that he may be aided by friends of Africa in America in his aspirations for the enlightenment of his people.

LETTER FROM REV. CHARLES A. PITMAN.

Jacksonville, Old Field, Messurado River, July 1, 1885,

Dear Doctor—I hope that you will pardon this intrusion upon your valuable time. The only apology which I offer is the vast importance of the subject of the present writing—the emancipation of Africa, my beloved though unfortunate home—the land of our ancestors; “the land I love the most.” I see little being done for the proper *healthful* education and civilization of the Aborigines of the country. It is plain that this people must be enlightened and thus prepared for the great work of emancipating the Continent or they and generations must remain slaves and tools, for the unprincipled for ages. O saddening, chilling thought! Does not the necessity appear that all native Aborigines who are sufficiently enlightened to see and appreciate the situation, should awake and bestir themselves in behalf of their dying countrymen? Under the weight of these thoughts I am trying to pen this appeal. But how and which way shall we begin in the work before us? The Aborigines here need, and must have permanent *schools* as well as churches. School teachers—men and women deeply interested in the work of teaching the native heathen as well as preachers. I submit sir, have we such?

How strange that we are so slow to accept the fact that for real good citizenship, Liberia must look at home and not abroad,—to individuals who are all foreignized, and who are therefore better prepared to serve other races and states,—than in building up a Negro Empire! This work of the education of the Aboriginal population of the country should be at once brought to the notice of the humane and philan-

thropic of the civilized world with a view to its immediate inauguration. I am impressed that there are scores of wealthy noble-souled philanthropists, whose hearts God has long since touched and now causes to yearn toward Africa. They have their thousands for the cause of humanity, and only require to be satisfied of objects which shall be worthy of their patronage, and they will gladly respond to such calls. They are cautious, as it is highly proper that they should be, for the world is full of impostors and money-seekers, having no higher object than money. I have thought that these big-souled philanthropists properly approached in the interests of suffering, benighted Africa, would be persuaded to inaugurate and establish schools among the *purely* Aboriginal youth of the country. Thinking of how it was best to bring this subject to the notice of those to whom I desire this appeal to reach I thought of your distinguished self as the gentleman the best qualified, both by your acknowledged ability, the extent of your acquaintanceship with the distinguished of both Europe and America, and by the deep life-long interest that you have shown in the cause of the Negro and African civilization, and I beg that you present this cause to some of your many friends of wealth in Europe and America. Yours in the common cause,

C. A. PITMAN.

WILL RETURN TO LIBERIA.

The bark *Monrovia*, which lately arrived at New York, brought a number of passengers, most of whom purpose returning to that Republic. They came on business and for pleasure. Rev. T. H. Hagan went from Rockingham, N. C., commissioned by his people to examine the country. He found things, as he reports, "very favorable," and selected one thousand acres of land in Montserrado county for settlement, which he intends to occupy with a colony of emigrants.

The late re-election of Hon. H. R. W. Johnson, a native born Liberian, to the presidency, and the consecration as Episcopal bishop of Liberia of Rev. Samuel D. Ferguson, who emigrated there with his parents from Charleston when but six years old, both educated in that Republic, alike demonstrate the capacity of the Negro and the value of African colonization.

LIBERIA'S NEW MINISTER.

The appointment of Rev. Moses A. Hopkins as Minister Resident and Consul General from the United States to Liberia reflects credit upon the judgment of President Cleveland. Mr. Hopkins was born a slave in Montgomery County, Va., and was educated at the

Avery Institute, and Lincoln University, and also at the Auburn, N. Y. Theological Seminary. He was for several years the principal of the State Colored Normal School at Franklinton, N. C., Mr. Hopkins is of unmixed African blood; about 36 years of age, and has proved himself to be an earnest friend of the elevation of his race and the redemption of Africa.

LIBERIA AND BELGIUM.

The Mayor of the city of Monrovia has taken an active part in having Liberia represented at the Exhibition at Antwerp. He has contributed photographs of prominent buildings and interesting localities and valuable specimens of aboriginal and colonial manufacture. Baron Von Stein, the Consul General of Liberia in Belgium and the Belgian and Liberian Trading Company, of which he is one of the Directors, have procured numerous specimens of the natural products of Liberia for the Exhibition: and it is said that an effective display of Liberia's products will be made.

RECEIPTS OF THE AMERICAN COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

During the Month of June, 1885.

CONNECTICUT. (\$4.70.)		RECAPITULATION.	
<i>New London.</i> A friend in the		Donations.....	14.70
"Church of Christ".....	4.70	For African Repository.....	4.00
PENNSYLVANIA. (\$10.00)		Rent of Colonization Building.....	182.00
<i>Hollidaysburg.</i> Miss Mary Vance.	10.00	Interest for Schools in Liberia.....	90.00
FOR REPOSITORY.			
Louisiana \$3. Tennessee \$1.....	4.00	Total Receipts in June.....	\$290.70

During the Months of July and August, 1885.

NEW HAMPSHIRE. (\$20.00.)		FOR REPOSITORY. (\$4.00)	
<i>Bristol</i>	20.00	Massachusetts \$1. New Jersey \$1.	
CONNECTICUT. (\$100.00.)		Virginia \$1. South Carolina \$1.	4.00
<i>Stamford.</i> Charles J. Starr.....	100.00	RECAPITULATION.	
NEW JERSEY. (\$10.00.)		Donations.....	130.00
<i>Trenton.</i> John S. Chambers.....	10.00	Emigrants toward passage.....	27.00
FLORIDA. (\$7.00.)		For African Repository.....	4.00
<i>Gainesville.</i> Jacob Gildersleeve,		Rent of Colonization Building.....	177.00
toward cost of emigrant pas-		Interests for Schools in Liberia.....	29.20
sage to Liberia.....	27.00	Total Receipts in July and August.	\$367.20

